

RESIGNATION.

In TWO PARTS,

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AND

A POSTSCRIPT.

To Mrs. B * * * * *

*My Soul shall be satisfied even as it were with Marrow and Fatness;
when my Mouth praiseth Thee with Joyful Lips.*

PSAL. lxxiii. 6.



L O N D O N:

Printed for WILLIAM OWEN, at Homer's Head, between the
Two Temple Gates, Fleet-Street.

M.DCC.LXII.

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AND

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

39.
4. 13.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

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As for the following Stanzas, God Almighty's infinite Power, and marvellous Goodness to Man is dwelt on, as the most just and cogent Reason for our chearful and absolute Resignation to his Will; nor are any of those Topics declined, which have a just Tendency to promote that supreme Virtue: Such as the Vanity of this Life, the Value of the next, the Approach of Death, &c.

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P A R T I.

THE Days how few, how short the Years
Of Man's too rapid Race,
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its Place?

They who the longest Lease enjoy
Have told us, with a Sigh,
That, to be born, seems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this Truth,
With Fears alarm'd; and yet
In Life's Delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty Truth forget:

And am not I to these akin?
Age slumbers o'er the Quill;
Its Honour blots, whate'er it writes;
And am I writing still?

Conscious of Nature in Decline,
And Languor in my Thoughts,
To soften Censure, and abate
Its Rigour on my Faults;

Permit

Permit me, Madam! ere to You
 The promis'd Verse I pay,
 To touch on felt Infirmary,
 Sad Sister of Decay.

ONE World deceas'd, another born,
 Like *Noah* they behold,
 O'er whose white Hairs, and furrow'd Brows,
 Too many Suns have roll'd:

Happy the Patriarch! he rejoic'd
 His Second World to see;
 My Second World, tho' gay the Scene,
 Can boast no Charms for me.

To me this brilliant Age appears
 With Desolation spread;
 Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,
 Whilst Life was Life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my Joys; the Grave
 Has broken Nature's Laws;
 And clos'd, against this feeble Frame,
 Its partial, cruel Jaws;

Cruel to spare! Condemn'd to Life!
 A Cloud impairs my Sight;
 My weak Hand disobey's my Will,
 And trembles, as I write.

WHAT shall I write? *Thalia*! tell;
 Say, long-abandon'd Muse!
 What Field of Fancy shall I range?
 What Subject shall I chuse?

A Choice

A Choice of Moment high inspire,
And rescue me from Shame,
For doating on thy Charms so late,
By Grandeur in my Theme.

Beyond the Themes, which most admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd Exploits of War,
Bright Charms, or Empire's Blaze,

Are Themes, which, in a World of Woe,
Can best appease our Pain;
And, in an Age of gaudy Guilt,
Gay Folly's Flood restrain;

Amidst the Storms of Life support
A calm, unshaken Mind;
And with unfading Laurels crown
The Brow of the *Resign'd*.

O *RESIGNATION!* yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former Strains;
Tho' claiming every Muse's Smile,
And every Poet's Pains,

Beneath Life's evening, solemn Shade,
I dedicate my Page
To Thee, Thou safest Guard of Youth!
Thou *sole* Support of Age!

All other Duties *Crescents* are
Of Virtue faintly bright,
The glorious Consummation, Thou!
Which fills her *Orb* with Light,

How

How rarely fill'd? The Love divine
 In *Evils* to discern,
 This the *first* Lesson which we want,
 The *latest*, which we learn;

A melancholy Truth! for know,
 Could our proud Hearts *resign*,
 The Distance greatly would decrease
 'Twixt Human and Divine.

BUT tho' full noble is my Theme,
 Full urgent is my Call
 To soften Sorrow, and forbid
 The bursting Tear to fall;

The Task I dread; dare I to leave
 Of humble *Prose* the Shore,
 And put to Sea? A dangerous Sea!
 What Throngs have sunk before?

How proud the *Poet's* Billow swells?
 The God! the God! his Boast;
 A Boast how vain! What Wrecks abound?
 Dead Bards stench every Coast.

What then am I? Shall I presume,
 On such a moulted Wing,
 Above the general Wreck to rise,
 And in my Winter, sing,

When *Nightingales*, when sweetest Bards
 Confine their charming Song
 To Summer's animating Heats;
 Content to warble Young?

Yet,

Yet, write I must; a * Lady sues;
 How shameful her Request?
 My Brain in Labour for dull Rhime!
 Hers teeming with the best!

But You a Stranger will excuse,
 Nor scorn his feeble Strain;
 To You a Stranger, but, thro' Fate,
 No Stranger to your Pain.

The Ghost of Grief decess'd ascends,
 His old Wound bleeds anew;
 His Sorrows are recall'd to Life
 By those he sees in You;

Too well he knows the twisted Strings
 Of ardent Hearts combin'd;
 When rent asunder, how they bleed,
 How hard to be *Resign'd*:

Those Tears you pour, his Eyes have shed;
 The Pang You feel, He felt;
 Thus *Nature*, loud as *Virtue*, bids
 His Heart at Yours to melt.

BUT what can Heart, or Head, suggest?
 What sad *Experience* say?
 Thro' Truths austere, to Peace we work
 Our rugged, gloomy Way:

What are we? Whence? For what? and Whither?
 Who know not, needs must mourn;
 But *Thought*, bright Daughter of the Skies!
 Can Tears to Triumph turn.

* Mrs. M——

B

Thought

Thought is our Armour, 'tis the Mind's
 Impenetrable Shield,
 When, sent by Fate, we meet our Foes
 In fore *Affliction's* Field;

It plucks the frightful Mask from Ills,
 Forbids pale *Fear* to hide
 Beneath that dark Disguise, a Friend,
 Which turns *Affection's* Tide.

AFFECTION frail! train'd up by Sense,
 From *Reason's* Channel strays;
 And whilst it blindly points at Peace,
 Our Peace to Pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous Stream
 From daily-dying Flow'rs,
 To nourish rich, immortal Blooms,
 In Amaranthine Bow'rs;

Whence Throngs, in Extasy, look down
 On what once shock'd their Sight;
 And thank the Terrors of the Past
 For Ages of Delight.

ALL withers Here; who most possess
 Are Losers by their Gain,
 Stung by full Proof, that, bad at best,
 Life's idle All is vain:

Vain, in its Course, Life's *murm'ring* Stream;
 Did not its *Course* offend,
 But *Murmur* cease; Life, then, would seem
 Still vainer, from its *End*.

How

How wretched! who, thro' cruel Fate,
 Have nothing to lament?
 With the poor Alms this World affords,
 Deplorably content?

Had not the *Greek* his World mistook,
 His Wish had been most wise;
 To be content with but One World,
 Like him, we should despise.

Of Earth's Revenue would you state
 A full Account, and fair?
 We hope; and hope; and hope; then cast
 The *Total* up—

Despair.

SINCE *vain* all here, all Future, *vast*,
 Embrace the Lot assign'd;
 Heav'n wounds to heal; its Frowns are Friends;
 Its Strokes severe, most kind.

But in laps'd Nature, rooted deep,
 Blind Error domineers;
 And on Fools Errands, in the Dark,
 Sends out our Hopes, and Fears;

Bids us for ever *Pains* deplore,
 Our *Pleasures* overprize;
These oft persuade us to be Weak;
Those urge us to be Wise.

From Virtue's rugged Path to Right
 By *Pleasure* are we brought
 To flow'ry Fields of Wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our Fault:

Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of Peace,
 If Folly is withstood ;
 And says, *Time* pays an easy Price,
 For our *eternal* Good.

In Earth's dark Cot, and in an Hour,
 And in Delusion great,
 What an Oeconomist is Man
 To spend his *whole* Estate,

And beggar an Eternity ?
 For which, as he was born,
 More Worlds than One against it weigh'd,
 As Feathers he should scorn.

Say not, your Loss in Triumph leads
 Religion's feeble Strife ;
 Joys future amply reimburse
 Joys Bankrupts of this Life.

But not deferr'd your Joy so long,
 It bears an early Date ;
Affliction's ready Pay in Hand,
 Befriends our present State ;

What are the Tears, which trickle down
 Her melancholy Face,
 Like liquid Pearl ? Like Pearls of Price,
 They purchase lasting Peace.

Grief

Grief softens Hearts, and curbs the Will,
 Impetuous Passion tames,
 And keeps insatiate, keen Desire
 From launching in Extremes.

THRO' *Time's* dark Womb, our Judgment right,
 If our dim Eye was thrown,
 Clear should we see, the Will divine
 Has but *forestall'd* our own;

At Variance with our *future* With,
 Self-sever'd we complain;
 If so, the Wounded, not the Wound,
 Must answer for the Pain:

The Day shall come, and swift of Wing,
 Tho' You may think it slow,
 When, in the List of Fortune's Smiles,
 You'll enter Frowns of Woe.

FOR mark the Path of Providence;
This Course it has pursu'd,
 "Pain is the Parent, Woe the Womb
 "Of sound, important Good:"

Our Hearts are fasten'd to this World
 By strong, and endless Ties;
 And every Sorrow cuts a String,
 And urges us to rise:

'Twill sound severe—Yet rest assur'd
 I'm studious of your Peace;
 Tho' I should dare to give You Joy—
 Yes, Joy of *his* Decease:

An

An Hour shall come (You question This)
 An Hour, when You shall bless,
 Beyond the brightest Beams of Life,
 Dark Days of your Distress.

HEAR then without Surprise a Truth,
 A Daughter-Truth to this,
 Swift Turns of Fortune often tie
 A bleeding Heart to Bliss:

Esteem You this a Paradox?
 My sacred Motto read;
 A glorious Truth! divinely sung
 By One, whose Heart had bled;

To *Resignation* swift he flew,
 In her a Friend he found,
 A Friend, which bless'd him with a Smile,
 When gasping with his Wound.

On Earth nought precious is obtain'd
 But what is painful too;
 By Travel, and to Travel born,
 Our Sabbaths are but few:

To *real* Joy we work our Way,
 Encountering many a Shock,
 Ere found what truly charms; as found
 A *Venus* in the Block.

In some Disaster, some severe
 Appointment for our Sins,
 That Mother *Blessing* (not so call'd),
 True Happiness, begins.

No

No Martyr e'er defy'd the Flames,
By Stings of Life unvest;
First rose some Quarrel with this World,
Then Passion for the next.

YOU see, then, Pangs are parent Pangs,
The Pangs of happy Birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True Happiness on Earth.

The peopled Earth look all around,
Or thro' Time's Records run;
And say, What is a Man *unstruck*?
It is a Man *undone*.

THIS Moment, am I deeply stung —
My bold Pretence is try'd;
When vain Man boasts, Heav'n puts to Proof
The Vauntings of his Pride;

Now need I, Madam! *your* Support. —
How exquisite the Smart?
How critically tim'd the * News
Which strikes me to the Heart?

The Pangs, of which I spoke, I feel:
If Worth like Thine, is born,
O *Long-below'd*! I bless the Blow,
And triumph, whilst I mourn.

* Whilst the Author was writing This, he received the News of Mr. *Richardson's* Death, who was then printing the former Part of the Poem.

NOR mourn I long; by Grief subdu'd
 Be Reason's Empire shown;
 Deep Anguish comes by Heaven's Decree,
 Continues, by our Own;

And when continu'd past its Point,
 Indulg'd in Length of Time,
 Grief is Disgrace, and, what was Fate,
 Corrupts into a Crime:

And shall I, criminally mean,
 Myself, and Subject wrong?
 No; my Example shall support
 The Subject of my Song.

MADAM! I grant, your Loss is great;
 Nor little is your Gain;
 Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
 It richly pays your Pain;

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
 And Earth's Enchantment end;
 It takes the most effectual Means,
 And robs us of a FRIEND:

But *such* a Friend!—and sigh no more?
 'Tis Prudent; but Severe:
 Heaven aid my Weakness, and I drop
 All Sorrow—with this Tear.

PERHAPS your settled Grief to sooth
 I should not vainly strive,
 But with soft Balm your Pain assuage,
 Had *he* been still alive;

Whose

Whose frequent Aid brought kind Relief,
 In my Distress of Thought,
 Ting'd with his Beams my cloudy Page,
 And beautify'd a Fault :

To touch our Passion's secret Springs
 Was his peculiar Care;
 And deep his happy Genius div'd
 In Bosoms of the Fair ;

Nature, which Favours to the Few,
 All *Art* beyond imparts,
 To Him presented, at his Birth,
 The Key of human Hearts.

BUT not to me by Him bequeath'd
 His gentle, smooth Address;
 His tender Hand to touch the Wound
 In Throbbings of Distress :

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
 With *Esculapian* Art :
 Know, Love sometimes, mistaken *Love* !
 Plays *Disaffection's* Part :

Nor Lands, nor Seas, nor Suns, nor Stars,
 Can Soul from Soul divide ;
 They correspond from distant Worlds,
 Tho' Transports are deny'd ;

Are you not, then, unkindly kind ?
 Is not your Love severe ?
 O ! stop that crystal Source of Woe ;
 Nor wound *Him* with a Tear.

AS those above from human Bliss
 Receive Encrease of Joy ;
 May not a Stroke from human Woe,
 In Part, their Peace destroy ?

He lives in Those he left ; — to What ?
 Your, now, *Paternal* Care,
 Clear from its Cloud your brighten'd Eye,
 It will discern him there ;

In Features, not of Form alone,
 But those, I trust, of Mind ;
 Auspicious to the publick Weal,
 And to their Fate *resign'd*.

THINK on the Tempests *He* sustain'd ;
 Revolve his Battles won ;
 And let those prophesy your Joy
 From *such* a Father's Son :

Is Consolation what you seek ?
 Fan, then, his martial Fire ;
 And animate to Flame the Sparks
 Bequeath'd him by his Sire :

As nothing Great is born in Haste,
 Wife Nature's Time allow ;
 His Father's Laurels may descend,
 And flourish on his Brow.

NOR, Madam ! be surpriz'd to hear,
 That Laurels may be due
 Not more to Heroes of the Field,
 (Proud Boasters !) than to You :

Tender

Tender as is the female Frame,
Like that brave Man you mourn,
You are a *Soldier*, and to fight
Superior Battles born;

Beneath a Banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In Fields of Blood; a Banner bright!
High-wav'd o'er all the World,

It, like a streaming Meteor, casts
An universal Light;
Sheds Day, sheds more, eternal Day
On Nations whelm'd in Night;

Beneath that Banner, what Exploit
Can mount our Glory high'r,
Than to sustain the dreadful Blow,
When those we love expire?

GO forth a *moral* Amazon;
Arm'd with undaunted Thought;
The Battle won, tho' costing dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought:

The passive Hero, which fits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath Affliction's galling Load,
Out-acts a *Cæsar's* Toil:

The Billows stain'd by slaughter'd Foes
Inferior Praise afford;
Reason's a bloodless Conqueror,
More glorious than the Sword.

Nor can the Thunder of Huzzas
 From shouting Nations, cause
 Such sweet Delight, as from your Heart
 Soft Whispers of Applause:

The *dear Deceas'd* so fam'd in Arms,
 With what Delight He'll view
 His Triumphs on the Main outdone,
 Thus conquer'd, *twice*, by You?

SHARE his Delight; take Heed to shun
 Of Bosoms most diseas'd
 That odd Distemper, an absurd
 Reluctance to be pleas'd:

Some seem in Love with *Sorrow's* Charms,
 And that foul Fiend embrace:
 This Temper let me justly brand;
 And stamp it with Disgrace:

Sorrow! of horrid Parentage!
 Thou Second-born of Hell!
 Against Heaven's endless Mercies pour'd
 How dar'st Thou to rebel?

From black and noxious Vapours bred,
 And nurs'd by Want of Thought,
 And to the Door of *Frenzy's* self
 By Perseverance brought,

Thy most inglorious, coward Tears
 From *brutal* Eyes have ran;
 Smiles, incommunicable Smiles!
 Are radiant Marks of *Man*;

They

They cast a fudden Glory round
Th' illumin'd human Face ;
And light in Sons of honest Joy
Some Beams of *Moses'* Face :

Is *Resignation's* Lesson hard ?
Examine, we shall find
That Duty gives up little more
Than Anguish of the Mind ;

Resign ; and all the Load of Life
That Moment you remove,
Its heavy Tax, ten thousand Cares
Devolve on One above ;

Who bids us lay our Burthen down
On his almighty Hands,
Softens our *Duty* to *Relief*,
To *Blessing* a *Command*.

FOR Joy what Cause ? How ev'ry Sense
Is courted from above
The Year around, with Presents rich,
The Growth of endless Love ?

But most o'erlook the Blessings pour'd,
Forget the Wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in Sense,
Their Prospect at the Sun ;

From that, *their* final Point of View,
From that *their* radiant Goal,
On Travel infinite of Thought,
Sets out the nobler Soul,

Broke

Broke loose from *Time's* tenacious Ties,
 And *Earth's* involving Gloom,
 To range at large its vast Domain,
 And talk with Worlds to come :

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd
 Life's idle Moments run ;
 And doing nothing for themselves,
 Imagine nothing done ;

Fatal Mistake! their Fate goes on,
 Their dread Account proceeds,
 And their Not-doing is set down
 Amongst their darkest Deeds ;

Tho' Man sits still, and takes his Ease,
 God is at work on Man ;
 No Means, no Moment unemploy'd,
 To bless him, if *He* can.

BUT Man consents not, boldly bent
 To fashion his own Fate ;
 Man, a mere Bungler in the Trade,
 Repents his Crime too late ;

Hence loud laments: Let me thy Cause,
 Indulgent Father! plead ;
 Of all the Wretches we deplore,
 Not one by Thee was made ;

What is thy whole Creation fair?
 Of *Love* divine the Child ;
Love brought it forth ; and from its Birth,
 Has o'er it fondly smil'd :

Now,

Now, and thro' Periods distant far,
 Long ere the World began,
 Heaven *is*, and *has* in Travel been,
 Its Birth the Good of Man ;

Man holds in constant Service bound
 The bluff'ring Winds and Seas ;
 Nor Suns disdain to travel hard
 Their Master, Man, to please :

To final Good the worst Events
 Thro' secret Channels run ;
 Finish for Man their destin'd Course,
 As 'twas for Man begun.

ONE Point (observ'd, perhaps, by Few)
 Has often smote, and smites
 My Mind, as Demonstration strong ;
 That Heaven in Man delights :

What's known to Man of Things unseen,
 Of future *Worlds*, or *Fates* ?
 So much, nor more, than what to Man's
 Sublime Affairs relates :

What's *Revelation* then ? A List,
 An Inventory just
 Of that poor Insect's Goods, so late
 Call'd out of Night, and Dust.

WHAT various Motives to rejoice ?
 To render Joy sincere,
 Has *This* no Weight ? Our Joy is felt
 Beyond this narrow Sphere :

Would

Would we in Heav'n new Heav'n create,
And double its Delight ?
A *smiling* World, when Heav'n looks down,
How pleasing in its Sight ?

Angels stoop forward from their Thrones
To hear its joyful Lays,
As Incense sweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic Praise :

Have we ~~no~~ Cause to fear the Stroke
Of Heaven's avenging Rod ?
When we presume to counteract
A *sympathetick* God ?

If we *resign*, our Patience makes
His Rod an harmless *Wand* ;
If not, it darts a *Serpent's* Sting,
Like that in *Moses'* Hand ;

Like that, it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain *Magicians* bring,
Whose baffled Arts would boast below
Of Joys a *rival* Spring.

CONSUMMATE Love! the Gift how large
Of Blessings from thy Hand ?
To banish Sorrow, and be blest,
Is thy supreme Command :

Are such Commands but ill obey'd ?
Of Bliss, shall we complain ?
The Man, who *dares* to be a Wretch,
Deserves still greater Pain :

Joy

Joy is our Duty, Glory, Health ;
 The Sunshine of the Soul ;
 Our best Encomium on the Pow'r
 Who sweetly plans the Whole :

Joy is our *Eden* still possess'd :
 Be gone, ignoble Grief !
 'Tis Joy makes Gods, and Men exalts,
 Their Nature, our Relief ;

Relief, for Man to that must stoop,
 And his due Distance know ;
Transport's the Language of the Skies,
Content the Style below.

Content is Joy, and Joy in Pain,
 Is Joy and Virtue too ;
 Thus, whilst Good present we possess,
 More precious we pursue :

Of Joy the more we have in Hand,
 The more have we to come ;
 Joy, like our Money, Interest bears,
 Which daily swells the Sum.

“ BUT how to smile ; to stem the Tide
 “ Of Nature in our Veins ;
 “ Is it not hard to weep in Joy ?
 “ What then to smile in Pains ? ”

Victorious Joy ! which breaks the Clouds,
 And struggles thro' a Storm ;
 Proclaims the Mind as Great, as Good ;
 And bids it doubly charm :

D

If

If doubly charming in our Sex,
 A Sex, by Nature, bold;
 What then in Yours? 'Tis Di'mond *there*,
 Triumphant o'er *our* Gold.

AND should not This Complaint repress?
 And check the rising Sigh?
 Yet farther Opiate to your Pain
 I labour to supply.

Since Spirits greatly damp'd distort
 Ideas of Delight,
 Look thro' the Medium of a Friend,
 To set your Notions right:

As Tears the Sight, Grief dims the Soul;
 Its Object dark appears;
 True Friendship, like a rising Sun,
 The Soul's Horizon clears.

A Friend's an *Optic* to the Mind
 With Sorrow clouded o'er;
 And gives it Strength of Sight to see
 Redrefs unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in Man,
 Extremely smooth and fair,
 When she, to grace her manly Strength,
 Assumes a female Air:

A * Friend You have, and I the same,
 Whose prudent, soft Address,
 Will bring to Life those healing Thoughts,
 Which dy'd in your Distress;

That

* Mrs. M——.

That Friend the *Spirit* of my Theme
 Extracting for your Ease,
 Will leave to me the *Dreg*, in Thoughts
 Too common ; such as these ;

“ LET those lament, to whom full Bowls
 Of sparkling Joys are giv'n ;
 That triple Bane inebriates Life,
 Imbitters Death, and hazards Heav'n :

Woe to the Soul at perfect Ease !
 'Tis brewing perfect Pains ;
 Lull'd Reason sleeps, the Pulse is King ;
 Despotic *Body* reigns :

Have You ne'er pity'd Joy's gay Scenes,
 And deem'd their Glory dark ?
 Alas ! poor *Envy* ! she's stone-blind,
 And quite mistakes her Mark :

Her Mark lies hid in *Sorrow's* Shades,
 But Sorrow well subdu'd ;
 And in proud *Fortune's* Frown defy'd
 By meek, *unborrow'd* Good,

By *Resignation* ; All in That
 A double Friend may find,
 A *Wing* to Heav'n, and, while on Earth,
 The *Pillow* of Mankind :

On Pillows void of Down, for Rest
 Our restless Hopes we place ;
 When Hopes of Heav'n lie warm at Heart,
 Our Hearts repose in Peace :

The Peace, which *Resignation* yields,
 Who feel alone can guess;
 'Tis disbeliev'd by murm'ring Minds,
 They *must* conclude it less:

The Loss, or Gain, of *That* alone
 Have we to hope, or fear;
That Fate controuls, and can invert
 The Seasons of the Year:

O! the dark Days, the Year around,
 Of an *impatient* Mind;
 Thro' Clouds, and Storms, a Summer breaks,
 To shine on the *Resign'd*:

While Man by *that* of ev'ry Grace,
 And Virtue, is possess'd;
 Foul *Vice* her Pandæmonium builds
 In the *rebellious* Breast;

By *Resignation* we defeat
 The worst that can annoy;
 And *suffer*, with far more Repose,
 Than Worldlings can enjoy.

FROM small Experience this I speak;
 O! grant to Those I love,
 Experience fuller far, ye Pow'rs!
 Who form our Fates above:

My Love where due, if not to Those
 Who leaving Grandeur came
 To shine on *Age* in mean Recess,
 And light me to my Theme?

A Theme Themselves ! A Theme, how rare ?
 The Charms, which they display,
 To triumph over captive *Heads*,
 Are set in bright Array :

With his own Arms proud Man's o'ercome,
 His boasted Laurels die,
Learning and *Genius*, wiser grown,
 To female Bosoms fly.

THIS *Revolution*, fix'd by Fate,
 In Fable was foretold ;
 The dark Prediction puzzled *Wits*,
 Nor could the *Learn'd* unfold :

But as those * *Ladies Works* I read,
 They darted such a Ray,
 The latent Sense burst out at once,
 And shone in open Day :

So burst full ripe, distended Fruits,
 When strongly strikes the Sun ;
 And from the Purple Grape unpress'd,
 Spontaneous Nectars run.

PALLAS, ('tis said) when *Jove* grew dull,
 Forfook his drowsy Brain ;
 And sprightly leap'd into the Throne
 Of *Wisdom's* brighter Reign ;

Her *Helmet* took ; that is, shot Rays
 Of formidable Wit ;
 And *Launce*,—or, *Genius* most acute,
 Which Lines immortal writ ;

And

* Mrs. M——. Mrs. C——.

And *Gorgon Shield*,—or, Pow'r to fright
 Man's Folly dreadful shone,
 And many a Blockhead, (easy Change!)
 Turn'd, instantly, to Stone.

Our Authors male, as, *then*, did *Jove*,
 Now scratch a damag'd Head,
 And call for what once quarter'd there,
 But find the Goddess fled.

THE Fruit of Knowledge, golden Fruit!
 That once forbidden Tree,
 Hedg'd in by surly Man, is now
 To *Britain's* Daughters free:

In *Eve* (we know) of Fruit so fair
 The noble Thirst began;
 And They, like her, have caus'd a *Fall*,
 A Fall of Fame in Man:

And since of Genius in our Sex,
 O *Addison*! with Thee
 The Sun is set, how I rejoice
 This Sister Lamp to see?

It sheds, like *Cynthia*, silver Beams
 On Man's *nocturnal* State;
 His lessen'd Light, and languid Pow'rs,
 I *show*, whilst I relate.

PART

P A R T II.

BUT what in either Sex beyond
All Parts our Glory crowns?

"In ruffling Seasons to be calm,
"And smile, when Fortune frowns."

Heav'n's Choice is safer than our own;
Of Ages past enquire,

What the most formidable Fate?
"To have our own Desire."

If, in your Wrath, the worst of Foes
You wish extremely ill;

Expose him to the Thunder's Stroke,
Or that of his own Will.

What Numbers, rushing down the Steep
Of Inclination strong,

Have perish'd in their ardent Wish?
Wish ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis *Resignation's* full Reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies

Error most fatal in our Choice,
Detachment from the Skies.

BY

BY closing with the Skies we make
Omnipotence our own ;

That done, how formidable *Ill's*
 Whole Army is o'erthrown ?

No longer impotent, and frail,
 Ourselves above we rise :
 We scarce believe ourselves below !
 We trespass on the Skies !

The Lord, and Soul, and Source of All,
 Whilst Man enjoys his Ease,
 Is executing *human* Will,
 In Earth, and Air, and Seas ;

Beyond us, what can Angels boast ?
 Archangels what require ?
 Whate'er Below, Above, is done,
 Is done as --- *We* desire.

What Glory this for Man so mean,
 Whose Life is but a Span ?
 This is meridian Majesty !
 This, the *Sublime* of Man !

BEYOND the Boast of Pagan Song
 My sacred Subject shines ;
 And for a Foil the Lustre takes
 Of *Rome's* exalted Lines.

" All, that the Sun surveys, subdu'd,
 " But *Cato's* mighty Mind." —

How grand ? Most true ; yet far beneath
 The Soul of the *Resign'd* :

To

To more than Kingdoms, more than Worlds,
 To *Passion* that gives Law ;
 Its matchless Empire could have kept
 Great *Cato's* Pride in Awe ;

That fatal *Pride*, whose cruel Point
 Transfix'd his noble Breast ;
 Far nobler ! if his Fate sustain'd
 Had left to Heav'n the Rest ;

Then he the Palm had borne away,
 At Distance *Cæsar* thrown ;
 Put him off cheaply with the World,
 And made the Skies his own.

What cannot *Resignation* do ?
 It Wonders can perform ;
 That pow'ful Charm, *Thy Will be done*,
 Can lay the loudest Storm.

COME, *Resignation* ! then, from Fields,
 Where, mounted on the Wing,
 A Wing of Flame, blest Martyrs' Souls
 Ascended to their King :

Who is it calls Thee ? One whose Need
 Transcends the common Size ;
 Who stands in Front against a Foe
 To which none equal rise :

In Front he stands, the Brink he treads
 Of an eternal State ;
 How dreadful his appointed Post !
 How strongly arm'd by Fate

E

His

His threat'ning Foe! What Shadows deep
 O'erwhelm his gloomy Brow!
 His Dart tremendous!—at Four-score
 My sole Asylum, Thou!

HASTE, then, O *Resignation!* haste,
 'Tis thine to reconcile
 My Foe, and me; at thy Approach,
 My Foe begins to smile:

O! for that Summit of my Wish,
 Whilst here I draw my Breath,
 That Promise of eternal Life,
 A glorious Smile in Death:

What Sight, Heav'n's azure Arch beneath,
 Has most of Heav'n to boast?
 The Man *resign'd*; at once serene,
 And giving up the Ghost.

AT *Death's* Arrival they shall smile,
 Who, not in Life o'er-gay,
 Serious, and frequent Thought send out
 To meet him on his Way:

My gay Coævals! (such there are)
 If Happiness is dear;
 Approaching Death's alarming Day
 Discreetly let us fear:

The Fear of Death is truly wise,
 Till Wisdom can rise higher;
 And, arm'd with pious Fortitude,
 Death, dreaded once, desire:

Grand

Grand climacteric Vanities

The Vainest will despise;

Shock'd, when beneath the Snow of Age,

Man *immaturely* dies :

BUT am not I myself the Man?

No need abroad to roam

In quest of Faults to be chastis'd;

What Cause to blush at home?

In Life's Decline, when Men relapse

Into the Sports of Youth,

The second Child out-fools the first,

And tempts the Lash of Truth;

Shall a mere Truant from the Grave

With rival Boys engage?

His trembling Voice attempt to sing,

And ape the Poet's Rage?

Here, Madam! let me visit One,

My Fault who, partly, shares,

And tell myself, by telling Him,

What more becomes our Years;

And if your Breast with prudent Zeal

For *Resignation* glows,

You will not disapprove a just

Repentment at its Foes.

IN Youth *V—taire!* our Foibles plead

For some Indulgence due;

When Heads are white, their Thoughts, and Aims,

Should change their Colour too:

How are you cheated by your Wit?

Old Age is bound to pay,
By Nature's Law, a Mind *discreet*,
For *Joys* it takes away;

A mighty Change is wrought by Years,
Reversing human Lot;

In *Age* 'tis Honour to lie hid,
Its Praise to be forgot;

The Wife, as Flow'rs, which spread at Noon,
And all their Charms expose,
When Ev'ning Damps, and Shades descend,
Their Evolutions close.

WHAT tho' your Muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true Sublime?
Ours, hoary Friend! is to prefer
Eternity to Time:

Why close a Life so justly fam'd
With such bold Trash as * This?
This for Renown? Yes, such as makes
Obscurity a Bliss:

Your Trash, with mine, at open War,
Is † *obstinately* bent,
Like Wits below, to sow your Tares
Of Gloom, and *Discontent*:

With so much Sunshine at Command,
Why Light with Darkness mix?
Why dash with Pain our Pleasure? Why
Your *Helicon* with *Styx*?

* *Candide*.

† Second Part.

Your Works in our divided Minds
Repugnant Passions raise,
Confound us with a double Stroke,
We shudder, whilst we praise ;

A curious Web, as finely wrought
As Genius can inspire,
From a black Bag of Poison spun,
With Horror we admire.

MEAN as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful Air,
I can't forgive so great a Foe
To my dear Friend *V—taire* :

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late ;
His Genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his Fate ;

A Fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our Nature starts ;
Forbear to fall on your own Sword,
To perish by your Parts :

“ But great your Name,” — To feed on Air
Were then Immortals born ?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the Scorn.

CAN Fame your *Carcase* from the Worm
Which gnaws us in the Grave,
Or *Soul* from that which never dies,
Applauding *Europe*, save ?

But

But *Fame* you lose; *Good Sense* alone
Your Idol, Praise can claim;
When wild Wit murders Happiness,
It puts to Death our Fame;

Nor boast your *Genius*, Talents bright
Ev'n Dunces will despise,
If in your *western* Beams is mis'd
A Genius for the Skies;

Your *Taste* too fails; what most excels
True Taste must relish most;
And what, to rival *Palms* above,
Can proudest *Laurels* boast?

Sound Heads Salvation's * *Helmet* seek,
Resplendent are its Rays,
Let that suffice; it needs no *Plume*
Of sublunary Praise.

May this enable couch'd *V—taire*
To see that — † *All is Right*,
His Eye, by *Flash* of Wit struck blind,
Restoring to its Sight;

If so, all's well: Who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiv'n;
I speak with Joy, with Joy he'll hear,
“ *V—taires* are, now, in Heav'n.”

NAY, *such* Philanthropy divine,
So boundless in Degree,
Its Marvellous of Love extends
(Stoop most profound!) to me:

* Ephes. vi. 17.

† Which his Romance ridicules.

Let

Let others cruel Stars arraign,
Or dwell on their Distress;
But let my Page, for Mercies pour'd,
A grateful Heart express:

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in *Eden* fair;
The God as present, by plain Steps
Of providential Care,

I behold passing through my Life;
His awful Voice I hear;
And, conscious of my Nakedness,
Would hide myself for Fear:

But where the *Trees*, or where the Clouds
Can cover from his Sight?
Naked the Center to that Eye,
To which the Sun is Night.

AS yonder glittering Lamps on high
Thro' Night illumin'd roll;
May Thoughts of *Him*, by whom they shine,
Chase Darkness from my Soul;

My Soul, which reads his Hand as clear
In my minute Affairs,
As in his ample Manuscript
Of Sun, and Moon, and Stars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast Machine,
Than to correct one erring Thought
In my small World within;

A World,

A World, that shall survive the Fall
 Of all his Wonders here ;
 Survive, when Suns ten thousand drop,
 And leave a darken'd Sphere.

Yon *Matter* gross, how bright it shines ?
 For *Time* how great *his* Care ?
 Sure *Spirit*, and *Eternity*
 Far richer Glories share ;

Let those our Hearts impress, on those
 Our Contemplation dwell ;
 On those my Thoughts how justly thrown,
 By what I now shall tell ?

WHEN backward with attentive Mind
 Life's Labyrinth I trace,
 I find Him far myself beyond
 Propitious to my Peace :

Thro' all the crooked Paths I trod
 My Folly He pursu'd ;
 My Heart astray to quick Return
 Importunately woo'd ;

Due *Resignation* home to press
 On my capricious Will
 How many Rescues did I meet,
 Beneath the Mask of Ill ?

How many Foes in Ambush laid
 Beneath my Soul's Desire ?
 The deepest Penitents are made
 By what we most admire.

HAVE

HAVE I not sometimes (real Good
So little Mortals know !)
Mounting the Summit of my Wish,
Profoundly plung'd in Woe ?

I rarely plann'd, but Cause I found
My Plan's Defeat to bless ;
Oft I lamented an Event ;
It turn'd to my Success :

By sharpen'd Appetite to give
To Good intense Delight,
Thro' dark and deep Perplexities,
He led me to the Right.

AND is not this the gloomy Path,
Which you are treading now ?
The Path most gloomy leads to Light,
When our proud Passions bow :

When lab'ring under fancy'd Ill,
My Spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sov'reign Draughts
Of unimagin'd Pain :

Pain'd *Sense* from *Fancy's* Tyranny
Alone can set us free,
A thousand Miseries we feel,
Till sunk in Misery.

Cloy'd with a Glut of all we wish,
Our Wish we relish less ;
Success, a Sort of Suicide,
Is ruin'd by Success :

Sometimes *He* led me near to Death,
And, pointing to the Grave,
Bid *Terror* whisper kind Advice;
And taught the Tomb to save:

To raise my Thoughts beyond where Worlds
As Spangles o'er us shine,
One Day He *gave*, and bid the next
My Soul's Delight *resign*.

WE to ourselves, but thro' the Means
Of Mirrors, are unknown;
In this my Fate can you descry
No Features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuse
These Self-recording Lines;
A Record, Modesty forbids,
Or to small Bound confines:

In Grief why deep ingulph'd? You see
You suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon Grief for common Fate?
That Wisdom cannot bear.

When Streams flow backward to their Source,
And humbled Flames descend,
And Mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human Sorrows end;

But human Prudence too must cease,
When Sorrows domineer,
When Fortitude has lost its Fire,
And freezes into Fear:

The

The Pang most poignant of my Life
 Now heightens my Delight;
 I see a fair Creation rise
 From *Chaos*, and old *Night*;

From what *seem'd* Horror, and Despair,
 The richest Harvest rose;
 And gave me in the Nod divine
 An absolute Repose.

Of all the Blunders of Mankind,
 More gross, or frequent, none,
 Than in their Grief, and Joy misplac'd,
 Eternally are shown.

BUT whither points all this Parade?
 It says, that near you lies
 A Book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
 Which you should greatly prize:

Of *Self-perusal*, Science rare!
 Few know the mighty Gain;
 Learn'd Prelates, *Self-unread*, may read
 Their Bibles o'er in vain:

Self-knowledge, which from Heav'n itself
 (So Sages tell us) came,
 What is it, but a Daughter fair
 Of my *maternal* Theme?

Unletter'd, and untravel'd Men
 An Oracle might find,
 Would they consult their *own Contents*,
 The *Delphos* of the Mind.

ENTER your Bosom, there you'll meet
 A *Revelation* new,
 A Revelation personal,
 Which none can read but you;

There will you clearly read reveal'd
 In your enlighten'd Thought,
 By Mercies manifold, through Life,
 To fresh Remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in Him
 A complicated Friend,
 A Father, Brother, Spouse; no Dread
 Of Death, Divorce, or End:

Who such a matchless Friend embrace,
 And lodge Him in their Heart,
 Full well, from Agonies exempt,
 With other Friends may part:

As when o'erloaded Branches bear
 Large Clusters big with Wine,
 We scarce regret one falling Leaf
 From the luxuriant Vine.

My short Advice to you may sound
 Obscure, or somewhat odd,
 Tho' 'tis the best that Man can give,—
 “ Ev'n be content with God.”

Thro' Love He gave you the Deceas'd,
 Thro' greater took him hence;
 This Reason fully could evince,
 Tho' murmur'd at by Sense.

THIS

THIS Friend far past the kindest kind,
 Is past the greatest great;
 His Greatness let me touch in Points
 Not foreign to your State;

His Eye, this Instant, reads your Heart;
 A Truth less obvious hear;
 This Instant its most secret Thoughts
 Are founding in his Ear:

Dispute you this? O! stand in Awe,
 And cease your Sorrow; know,
 That Tear, *now* trickling down, *He saw*
 Ten thousand Years ago;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
 Your Temper reconcile
 To Reason's Bound, will He behold
 Your Prudence with a Smile;

A Smile, which through Eternity
 Diffuses so bright Rays,
 The dimmest deifies e'en Guilt,
 If Guilt, at last, obeys:

Your Guilt (for Guilt it is to mourn,
 When such a Sov'reign reigns)
 Your Guilt diminish; Peace pursue;
 How glorious Peace in Pains!

HERE, then, your Sorrows cease; if not,
 Think how unhappy they,
 Who Guilt increase by streaming Tears,
 Which Guilt should wash away;

or

Of Tears that Gush profuse refrain;
 Whence burst those dismal Signs?
 They from the throbbing Breast of one
 (Strange Truth!) most happy rise;

Not Angels (hear it, and exult!)
 Enjoy a larger Share
 Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
 Of God's impartial Care;

Anxious for Each, as if on Each
 His Care for All was thrown;
 For All his Care as absolute;
 As All had been but One.

AND is *He* then so near! so kind!—
 How little then, and great,
 That Riddle, Man? O! let me gaze
 At Wonders in his Fate;

His Fate, who Yesterday did crawl
 A Worm from Darkness deep,
 And shall, with Brother-Worms, beneath
 A Turf, To-morrow sleep;

How mean! — And yet, if well obey'd
 His mighty Master's Call,
 The whole Creation for *mean* Man
 Is deem'd a Boon too small:

Too small the whole Creation deem'd
 For Emmets in the Dust!
 Account amazing! yet most true;
 My Song is bold, yet just:

Man

Man born for Infinite, in whom
 No Period can destroy
 The Pow'r, in exquisite Extremes,
 To *suffer*, or *enjoy*;

Give him Earth's Empire (if no more)
 He's *beggar'd*, and undone!
 Imprison'd in unbounded Space!
Benighted by the Sun!

For what the Sun's meridian Blaze
 To the most feeble Ray
 Which glimmers from the distant Dawn
 Of *uncreated* Day?

'TIS not the Poet's Rapture feign'd
 Swells here the Vain to please;
 The Mind *most* sober kindles *most*
 At Truths sublime as These;

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not say,
 Divine Ambition strove
 Not to bless only, but confound,
 Nay, fright us with its Love;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
 As That the *rending* Rock,
 The *darken'd* Sun, and *rising* Dead,
 So formidably spoke?

And are we darker than that Sun?
 Than Rocks more hard, and blind?
 We are;—if not to *such* a God
 In Agonies *Resign'd*.

YES,

YES, ev'n in Agonies forbear
 To doubt almighty Love;
 Whate'er endears Eternity,
 Is Mercy from Above;

What most imbitters Time, that most
 Eternity endears,
 And thus, by plunging in Distress,
 Exalts us to the Spheres;

Joy's Fountain-head! where Bliss o'er Bliss,
 O'er Wonders Wonders rise,
 And an *Omnipotence* prepares
 Its Banquet for the Wise:

Ambrosial Banquet! rich in Wines
 Nectareous to the Soul!
 What Transports sparkle from the Stream,
 As Angels fill the Bowl?

FOUNTAIN profuse of ev'ry Bliss!
 Good-will immense prevails;
 Man's Line can't fathom its Profound;
 An Angel's Plummet fails.

Thy Love and Might, by what they know,
 Who judge, nor dream of more;
 They ask a Drop, How deep the Sea?
 One Sand, How wide the Shore?

Of thy exuberant Good-will,
 Offended Deity!
 The thousandth Part who comprehends,
 A Deity is he.

YES,

How

How yonder ample azure Field
 With radiant Worlds is sown?
 How *Tubes* astonish us with Those
 More deep in Ether thrown?

And those beyond of brighter Worlds
 Why not a Million more?—
 In lieu of Answer, let us all
 Fall prostrate, and adore.

Since Thou art infinite in Pow'r,
 Nor thy Indulgence less;
 Since Man, quite impotent, and blind,
 Oft drops into Distress;

Say, what is *Resignation*? 'Tis
 Man's Weakness understood;
 And Wisdom grasping, with an Hand
 Far stronger, every Good.

LET rash Repiners stand appall'd,
 In Thee who dare not trust;
 Whose abject Souls, like Demons dark,
 Are murmur in the Dust:

For Man to murmur, or repine
 At what by Thee is done,
 No less absurd, than to complain
 Of Darkness in the Sun.

Who would not, with an Heart at Ease,
 Bright Eye, unclouded Brow,
Wisdom, and *Goodness*, at the Helm,
 The roughest Ocean plough?

G

What,

What, tho' I'm swallow'd in the Deep?
 Tho' Mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! As *Jonah* safe
 I'm landed, and adore:

Thy Will is welcome, let it wear
 Its most tremendous Form;
 Roar Waves! rage Winds! I know, that Thou
 Canst save me by a Storm.

FROM Thee immortal Spirits born,
 To Thee, their Fountain, flow,
 If wise; as curl'd around to Theirs
 Meand'ring Streams below:

Not less compell'd by *Reason's* Call,
 To Thee our Souls aspire,
 Than to thy Skies, by *Nature's* Law,
 High mounts material Fire;

To thee aspiring they exult;
 I feel my Spirits rise,
 I feel myself thy Son, and pant
 For patrimonial Skies:

Since ardent Thirst of future Good,
 And gen'rous Sense of past,
 To Thee Man's *Prudence* strongly ties,
 And binds *Affection* fast;

Since great thy Love, and great our Want,
 And Men the wisest blind,
 And Bliss our Aim; pronounce us All
 Distracted, or *Resign'd*;

Resign'd

Resign'd thro' Duty, Int'rest, Shame;
 Deep *Shame!* dare I complain,
 When (wond'rous Truth!) in Heav'n itself
 Joy ow'd its Birth to Pain?

AND Pain for me! For me was drain'd
 Gall's overflowing Bowl;
 And shall one Drop to Murmur bold
 Provoke *my guilty* Soul?

If pardon'd This, what Cause, what Crime
 Can Indignation raise?
 The Sun was lighted up to shine,
 And Man was born to praise;

And when to praise the Man shall cease,
 Or Sun to strike the View;
 A Cloud dishonours Both; but Man's
 The blacker of the two;

For oh! Ingratitude how black?
 With most profound Amaze
 At *Love*, which Man *belov'd* o'erlooks,
 Astonish'd Angels gaze.

PRAISE cheers, and warms, like gen'rous Wine;
 Praise, more divine than Pray'r;
Práy'r points our ready Path to Heav'n;
Praise is already there.

Let plausive *Resignation* rise,
 And banish all Complaint;
 All Virtues thronging into One,
 It finishes the *Saint*;

Makes the *Man* blest'd, as Man can be;
 Life's Labours renders light;
 Darts Beams thro' Fate's incumbent Gloom,
 And lights our Sun by Night;

'Tis *Nature's* brightest Ornament,
 The richest Gift of *Grace*,
 Rival of Angels, and supreme
 Proprietor of Peace;

Nay, Peace beyond, no small Degree
 Of Rapture 'twill impart;
 Know, Madam! "when your Heart's in Heav'n,
 "All Heav'n is in your Heart."

BUT who to Heav'n their Hearts can raise?
 Deny'd divine Support,
 All Virtue dies; Support divine
 The Wise with Ardour court:

When *Pray'r* partakes the *Seraph's* Fire,
 'Tis mounted on his Wing,
 Bursts thro' Heav'n's crystal Gates, and gains
 Sure Audience of its King:

The lab'ring Soul from fore Distress
 That blest'd Expedient frees;
 I see you far advanc'd in Peace;
 I see you on your Knees:

How on that Posture has the Beam
 Divine for ever shone?
 An humble Heart, God's * *other* Seat!
 The Rival of his Throne:

* *Isaiah* lvii. 15.

And stoops Omnipotence so low?
 And condescends to dwell
 Eternity's Inhabitant,
 Well-pleas'd, in such a Cell?

Such Honour how shall we repay?
 How treat our *Guest* divine?—
 The Sacrifice supreme be slain!
 Let *Self-will* die: Resign.

THUS far, at large, on our *Disease*;
 Now, let the *Cause* be shown,
 Whence rises, and will ever rise,
 The dismal human Groan:

What our sole Fountain of Distress?
 Strong Passion for this Scene;
 That Trifles makes important, Things
 Of mighty Moment mean:

When Earth's dark Maxims Poison shed
 On our polluted Souls,
 Our Hearts, and Int'rests fly as far
 Afunder, as the Poles;

Like Princes in a Cottage nurs'd,
 Unknown their royal Race,
 With abject Aims, and sordid Joys,
 Our Grandeur we disgrace;

O! for an *Archimedes* new,
 Of *moral* Pow'rs possess'd
 The World to move, and quite expel
 That Traitor from the Breast.

NO

NO small Advantage may be reap'd
From Thought whence we descend ;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
Our Origin, and End :

From far above the glorious Sun
To this dim Scene we came ;
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great *Jehovah's* Beam :

Let that bright Beam on Reason rous'd
In awful Lustre rise,
Earth's Giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all Disquiet dies :

Earth's Glories too their Splendor lose,
Those Phantoms charm no more ;
Empire's a Feather for a Fool,
And *Indian* Mines are poor :

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The Monarch and his Slave ;
Nor wait enlighten'd Minds to learn
That Lesson from the Grave :

A *George* the Third would *then* be low
As *Lewis* in Renown,
Could he not boast of Glory more
Than sparkles from a Crown.

When human Glory rises high
As human Glory can ?
When, tho' the KING is truly great,
Still greater is the *Man* :

The

The Man is *dead*, where Virtue fails,
 And tho' the Monarch proud
 In Grandeur shines, his gorgeous Robe
 Is but a gaudy *Shroud*.

WISDOM! where art thou? None on Earth,
 Tho' grasping Wealth, Fame, Pow'r,
 But what, O *Death*! thro' thy Approach,
 Is wiser ev'ry Hour ;

Approach how swift! how unconfin'd!
 Worms feast on Viands rare,
 Those little *Epicures* have Kings
 To grace their Bill of Fare :

From Kings what *Resignation* due
 To that Almighty Will,
 Which Thrones bestows, and when they fail,
 Can throne them higher still?

Who truly Great? The Good, and Brave,
 The Masters of a Mind
 The Will divine to *do* Resolv'd,
 To *suffer* it Resign'd.

MADAM! if that may give it Weight,
 The Trifle you receive
 Is dated from a solemn Scene,
 The Border of the Grave ;

Where strongly strikes the trembling Soul
Eternity's dread Pow'r,
 As bursting on it thro' the thin
 Partition of an Hour ;

Hear

Hear this, *V—taire* ! But this from me,
Runs Hazard of your Frown ;
However spare it ; ere you die
Such Thoughts will be your own :

In Mercy to yourself forbear
My Notions to chastise,
Left unawares the gay *V—taire*
Should blame *V—taire* the wife :

Fame's Trumpet rattling in your Ear,
Now, makes us disagree ;
When a *far louder* Trumpet sounds
V—taire will close with me :

How shocking is that Modesty,
Which keeps some honest Men
From urging what their Hearts suggest,
When brav'd by Folly's Pen

Affaulting *Truths*, of which in All
Is sown the sacred Seed ?
Our Constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our Creed :

What then are they, whose proud Conceits
Superior Wisdom boast ?
Wretches, who fight their own Belief,
And labour to be lost ;

Tho' *Vice*, by no superior Joys
Her *Heroes* keeps in Pay ;
Thro' pure *disinterested* Love
Of Ruin they obey ;

Strict

Strict their Devotion to the Wrong,
 Tho' tempted by no Prize ;
 Hard their *Commandments*, and their *Creed*
 A Magazine of Lies

From *Fancy's* Forge : Gay *Fancy* smiles
 At *Reason* plain, and cool ;
Fancy, whose curious Trade it is
 To make the finest Fool.

V—taire! long Life's the greatest Curse
 That Mortals can receive,
 When they imagine the chief End
 Of living is to live ;

Quite thoughtless of their Day of Death,
 That Birth-day of their Sorrow ;
 Knowing, it may be distant far,
 Nor crush them till — To-morrow.

THESE are cold, Northern Thoughts, conceiv'd
 Beneath an humble Cot ;
 Not mine, your Genius, or your State,
 No * Castle is my Lot :

But *soon*, quite level shall we lie ;
 And what Pride most bemoans,
 Our Parts, in Rank so distant now,
 As level as our Bones ;

Hear you that Sound ? Alarming Sound !
 Prepare to meet your Fate !
 One, who writes *Finis* to our Works,
 Is knocking at the Gate ;

• Letter to Lord Lyttelton.

H

Far

Far other Works will soon be weigh'd ;
 Far other Judges fit ;
 Far other Crowns be lost, or won,
 Than fire ambitious Wit :

Their Wit far brightest will be prov'd,
 Who sunk it in *Good Sense* ;
 And Veneration most profound
 Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone *unlocks* the Gate
 Of *blest* Eternity ;
 O ! may'st thou never, never lose
 That more than * *Golden Key*.

WHATE'ER may seem too rough excuse,
 Your Good I have at Heart :
 Since from my Soul I wish you well ;
 As yet we must not part :

Shall you, and I, in Love with Life,
 Life's *future* Schemes contrive,
 The World in Wonder not unjust,
 That we are still alive ?

What have *we* left ? How mean in Man
 A Shadow's Shade to crave ?
 When Life, so vain ! is vainer still,
 'Tis Time to take our Leave :

Happier, than happiest Life, his Death,
 Who falling in the Field
 Of Conflict with his *rebel Will*,
 Writes *Vici* on his Shield ;

* Alluding to Prussia.

So falling Man, immortal Heir
 Of an eternal Prize ;
 Undaunted at the gloomy Grave,
Descends into the Skies.

O! how disorder'd our Machine,
 When Contradictions mix ?
 When *Nature* strikes no less than Twelve,
 And *Folly* points at Six ?

To mend the *Movements* of your Heart,
 How great is my Delight ?
 Gently to *wind* your Morals up,
 And set your *Hand* aright ?

That Hand, which spread your Wisdom wide
 To poison distant Lands :
 Repent, recant ; the tainted Age,
 Your *Antidote* demands ;

To *Satan* dreadfully *Resign'd*
 Whole *Herds* rush down the Steep.
 Of Folly, by lewd Wits *possess'd*,
 And perish in the Deep.

Men's Praise your Vanity pursues ;
 'Tis well, pursue it still ;
 But let it be of Men *deceas'd*,
 And you'll *resign the Will* ;

And how superior *They* to those
 At whose Applause you aim,
 How very far superior *They*
 In Number, and in Name ?

P O S T S C R I P T.

THUS have I written, when to write
 No Mortal should presume;
 Or only write, what none can blame,
 Hic jacet—for his Tomb;

The Publick frowns, and censures loud
 My puerile Employ;
 Though just the Censure, if You smile,
 The Scandal I enjoy;

But sing no more — No more I sing,
 Or reassume the Lyre,
 Unless vouchsaf'd an humble Part
 Where *Raphael* leads the Choir:

What Myriads swell the Concert loud?
 Their golden Harps resound
 High, as the Footstool of the Throne,
 And deep, as Hell profound;

Hell (horrid Contrast!) Chord, and Song
 Of raptur'd Angels drowns
 In *Self-will's* Peal of Blasphemies,
 And hideous Burst of Groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
 Harmonious Thunders roll
 (In Language low of Men to speak)
 From echoing Pole to Pole!

Whilst

Whilst this grand Chorus shakes the Skies—

“ Above, beneath the Sun,
“ Through boundless Age, by Men, by Gods,
“ *Jehovah's* Will be done.”

'TIS done in Heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd
 Self-will, with *Satan*, fell:
And must from Earth be banish'd too,
 Or Earth's another Hell:

Madam! *Self-will* inflicts your Pains;
 Self-will's the deadly Foe
Which deepens all the dismal Shades,
 And points the Shafts of Woe:

Your Debt to *Nature* fully paid,
 Now *Virtue* claims her Due;
But *Virtue's* Cause I need not plead,
 'Tis safe; I write to YOU:

You know, that *Virtue's* Basis lies
 In ever judging right;
And wiping *Error's* Clouds away,
 Which dim the mental Sight;

Why mourn the Dead? You wrong the Grave,
 From Storm that safe Resort;
We are still tossing out at Sea,
 Our *Admiral* in Port.

Was Death deny'd, this World, a Scene
 How dismal, and forlorn?
To Death we owe, that 'tis to Man
 A Blessing to be born;

When

When every other Blessing fails,
 Or sapp'd by slow Decay,
 Or, storm'd by sudden Blasts of Fate,
 Is swiftly whirl'd away;

How happy! that no Storm, or Time,
 Of Death can rob the Just?
 None pluck from their unaching Heads
 Soft Pillows in the Dust?

WELL-PLEAS'D to bear Heav'n's darkest Frown,
 Your utmost Pow'r employ;
 'Tis noble Chymistry to turn
Necessity to Joy.

Whate'er the Colour of my Fate,
 My Fate shall be my Choice:
 Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
 To *praise*, and to *rejoice*;

What ample Cause? Triumphant Hope!
 O rich *Eternity*!
 I start not at a World in Flames,
 Charm'd with one Glimpse of Thee;

And Thou! its great Inhabitant!
 How glorious dost Thou shine?
 And dart thro' Sorrow, Danger, Death,
 A Beam of Joy divine?

The void of Joy (with some Concern
 The Truth severe I tell)
 Is an *Impenitent* in Guilt,
 A *Fool*, or *Infidel*;

Weigh

Weigh this, ye Pupils of *V—taire*!
 From joyless *Murmur* free;
 Or, let us know, which Character
 Shall crown you of the Three.

RESIGN, resign: This Lesson none
 Too deeply can instill;
 A Crown has been resign'd by more,
 Than have resign'd the Will;

Tho' *Will resign'd* the meanest makes
 Superior in Renown,
 And richer, in celestial Eyes,
 Than *He* who wears a Crown;

Hence, in the Bosom cold of Age,
 It kindled a strange Aim
 To shine in Song; and bid me boast
 The * *Grandeur* of my Theme;

But oh! how far Presumption falls
 Its lofty Theme below?
 Our Thoughts in Life's *December* freeze,
 And Numbers cease to flow.

FIRST! GREATEST! BEST! grant what I wrote
 For others, ne'er may rise
 To brand the Writer; Thou alone
 Canst make our Wisdom wise;

And how unwise, how deep in Guilt,
 How infamous the Fault?
 "A *Teacher* thron'd in Pomp of Words,
 "In Deed, beneath the *Taught*?"

Means most infallible to make
 The World an Infidel ;
 And, with Instructions most divine,
 To pave a Path to Hell ;

O ! for a clean and ardent Heart,
 O ! for a Soul on Fire,
 Thy Praise, begun on Earth, to sound
 Where Angels string the *Lyre* ;

How cold is Man ? To him how hard
 (Hard, what most easy seems)
 “ To set a just Esteem on That,
 “ Which yet he—most esteems.”

What shall we say, when boundless Bliss
 Is offer'd to Mankind,
 And, to that Offer, when a Race
 Of Rationals is blind ?

Of human *Nature* ne'er too high
 Are our Ideas wrought ;
 Of human *Merit* ne'er too low
 Depress'd the daring Thought.

T H E E N D.

The First Impression (from which the Printed Extracts were taken) was given only to Friends ; as such they are requested to destroy it ; since keeping That out of Sight is the Writer's only Apology for publishing This.